

I trust that you will have some good games, Mit, and I am happy that Isabel and Judy are enjoying their life at Boston. Boston is so full of tradition and many interesting things that it is an education in itself if you have a comfortable place of operations to work from and to go places. I put three pairs of athletic sox in the shoes, so you should have a Heaven on earth with those clubs and your shoes. Don't perpetrate any miracles though, Mit.

You heard about St. Peter and St. Andrew didn't you. Well, They had a game of golf. St. Peter told St. Andrew to drive off the #1 Tee. St. Andrew took a spoon and hit a long 200 Yd. shot which fell short of the green, but which bounced up on to the green and crazily fell into the cup. St. Peter took a #2 Iron and smashed it with all his might. It sailed high in the air, and fell snugly on the green then trickled into the cup. Each made a hole-in-one. St. Andrew said to St. Peter, "Now let's cut out the miracles and play golf."

You may think, in your playing some of those tough courses around Boston that you may get yourself into a lot of Hell, but it wont be like the fellow who went to Purgatory and the Devil said to him. "I want to show you a beautiful Golf Course we have here." He took him out and over the hill and the pilgrim's eyes fell on one of the most beautiful golf courses he had ever seen. "My", explained the Pilgrim, "this is marvelous." Then the Devel handed him a driver well balanced and one of the keenest clubs he had ever had a hold of. Then he handed him a tee. The Pilgrim's expectation and joy were unbounded. There the conversation halted and the Pilgrim who couldn't wait any longer to play said, "Give me a ball", and the Devel said "That's the hell of it, there isn't any balls.

I took occasion though, Mit, to see that the balls were safely encased in your bag, so you shouldn't have any trouble with the Devel. With all good wishes and affection, I am

Sincerely,